

### “Abendempfindung”

Abend ist's, die Sonne ist verschwunden,  
Und der Mond strahlt Silberglanz;

So entfliehn des Lebens schönste Stunden,  
Fliehn vorüber wie im Tanz.  
Bald entflieht des Lebens bunte Szene,  
Und der Vorhang rollt herab;

Aus ist unser Spiel, des Freundes Träne  
Fließet schon auf unser Grab.

Bald vielleicht (mir weht, wie Westwind leise,  
Eine stille Ahnung zu),  
Schließ ich dieses Lebens Pilgerreise,  
Fliege in das Land der Ruh.

Werdet ihr dann an meinem Grabe weinen,  
Trauernd meine Asche sehn,  
Dann, o Freunde, will ich euch erscheinen  
Und will Himmel auf euch wehn.

Schenk auch du ein Tränchen mir und pflücke  
Mir ein Veilchen auf mein Grab,  
Und mit deinem seelenvollen Blicke  
Sieh dann sanft auf mich herab

Weih mir eine Träne, und ach! schäme  
dich nur nicht, sie mir zu weihn;  
Oh, sie wird in meinem Diademe  
Dann die schönste Perle sein!

### “Evening Sensation”

Evening it is, the sun is setting  
And the moon sheds its silver light;

Thus flee Life's fairest hours,  
Flying away as if in a dance.  
Soon away will fly Life's colorful scenes,  
And the curtain will come rolling down;

Done is our play, the tears of a friend  
Flow already over our grave.

Soon, perhaps (the thought gently arrives like the  
west wind - A quiet foreboding)  
I will part from life's pilgrimage,  
And fly to the land of rest.

If you will then weep over my grave,  
Gaze mournfully upon my ashes,  
Then, o Friends, I will appear  
And waft you all heavenward.

And You, bestow also a little tear on me, and pluck  
Me a violet for my grave,  
And with your soulful gaze,  
Look then gently down on me.

Consecrate a tear for me, and ah!  
Do not be ashamed to cry;  
Those tears will be in my diadem  
then: the fairest pearls!

**“An Chloe”**

Wenn die Lieb' aus deinen blauen,  
Hellen, offenen Augen sieht,  
Und vor Lust, hineinzuschauen,  
Mir's im Herzen klopft und glüht!

Und ich halte dich und küsse  
Deine Rosenwangen warm,  
Liebes Mädchen, und ich schließe  
Zitternd dich in meinem Arm!

Mädchen, Mädchen, und ich drücke  
Dich an meinen Busen fest,  
Der im letzten Augenblicke sterbend  
nur dich von sich läßt.

Den berauschten Blick umschattet  
Eine düst're Wolke mir;  
Und ich sitze dann ermattet,  
Aber selig neben dir.

**“To Chloe”**

When love looks out of your blue,  
Bright and open eyes,  
And the joy of gazing into them  
Causes my heart to throb and glow;

And I hold you and kiss  
Your rosy cheeks warm,  
Sweet girl and clasp  
You trembling in my arms,

Sweet girl, sweet girl, and press  
You firmly to my breast,  
Where until my dying moment  
only will let you go.

My intoxicated gaze is shaded  
By a sombre cloud;  
And I sit then exhausted,  
But blissful, by your side.

**“Dans un bois solitaire”**

Dans un bois solitaire et sombre  
Je me promenais l'autr' jour,  
Un enfant y dormait à l'ombre,  
C'était le redoutable Amour.

J'approche, sa beauté me flatte,  
Mais je devais m'en défier ;  
Il avait les traits d'une ingrate,  
Que j'avais juré d'oublier.

Il avait la bouche vermeille,  
Le teint aussi frais que le sien,  
Un soupir m'échappe, il s'éveille ;  
L'Amour se réveille de rien.

Aussitôt déployant ses aîles  
Et saisissant son arc vengeur,  
L'une de ses flèches, cruelles  
En partant, il me blesse au cœur.

Va ! va, dit-il, aux pieds de Sylvie,  
De nouveau languir et brûler !  
Tu l'aimeras toute la vie,  
Pour avoir osé m'éveiller.

**“In a lonely forest”**

In a lonely and sombre forest  
I walked the other day;  
A child slept in the shade,  
It was a veritable Cupid.

I approach; his beauty fascinates me.  
But I must be careful:  
He has the traits of the faithless maiden  
Whom I had sworn to forget.

He had lips of ruby,  
His complexion was also fresh like hers.  
A sigh escapes me and he awakes;  
Cupid wakes at nothing.

Immediately opening his wings and seizing  
His vengeful bow  
And one of his cruel arrows as he parts,  
He wounds me to the heart.

"Go!" he says, "Go! At Sylvie's feet  
Will you languish anew!  
You shall love her all your life,  
For having dared awaken me."

**“Oiseaux si tous les ans”**

Oiseaux, si tous les ans  
Vous [changez de]1 climats,  
Dès que le triste hiver  
Dépouille nos bocages;  
Ce n'est pas seulement  
Pour changer de feuillages,  
[Ni]2 pour éviter nos frimats;  
Mais votre destinée  
Ne vous permet d'aimer,  
Qu'à la saison des fleurs.  
Et quand elle est passée,  
Vous la cherchez ailleurs  
Afin d'aimer toute l'année

**“Birds so every year”**

You birds, so every year  
you leave/change your climates  
as soon as the sad winter  
strips our groves.  
It isn't solely  
for a change of foliage  
or to avoid our foggy winter weather.  
But your destiny  
simply doesn't allow you to enjoy love  
beyond the season of flowers.  
For when she (springtime) is gone,  
you look for another place  
to make an end of love every year.

**“Serenade”**

Ou vas-tu, souffle d'aurore  
Vent de miel qui vient d'éclore  
Fraîche haleine d'un beau jour?  
Ou vas-tu, brise incostante  
Quand la feuille palpitante  
Semble frissonner d'amour?

Est-ce au fond de la vallée  
Dans la cime échevelé  
D'un saule où le ramier dort?  
Poursuis-tu la fleur vermeille  
Ou le papillon qu'éveille  
Un matin de flamme et d'or?

Va plutôt, souffle d'aurore  
Bercer l'âme que j'adore  
Porte à son lit embaumé l'  
odeur des bois et des mousses,  
et quelques parole douces  
comme les roses de Mai

**“Serenade”**

Where did you go, breath of dawn,  
Wind of honey scent of the hatch  
Fresh breath of a beautiful day?  
Where did you go, inconstant breeze,  
When the shivering leaf  
Leems to shimmer in love?

Is it at the bottom of the valley  
In the disheveled summit  
Of a room where the nightingale sleeps?  
Do you follow the red flower,  
Or that butterfly that awakes  
In a morning of radiance and gold?

Go, rather, breath of dawn  
To rock the soul that I adore  
Bring to [their] embalmed bed  
The scent of the woods and of the foams  
And some sweet words  
Like the roses of May.

### “On Dit”

On dit... on dit beaucoup de choses.  
Beaucoup trop de choses, vraiment!  
On dit que rien n'est plus charmant qu'au  
printemps  
Voir fleurir les roses.

On dit que les hivers moroses se sont enfuis  
En un moment,  
Que les eaux sont de diamant,  
Que les pervenches sont écloses!

On dit qu'Avril est un doux mois  
Et que de la sentiers des bois,  
Raisonne un mot, toujours le même!

Mais... vous l'êtes-vous figuré?  
On dit... on dit que je vous aime!

Et le drôle... le drôle...  
C'est qu'on dit vrai!

### “Chant de guerre Cosaque”

Virgine, tes cheveux noirs dépassent ta ceinture,  
Ton visage est plus blanc que la neige en  
Janvier,  
Mais j'aime mieux les crins sanglants de mon  
Monture,  
Mais j'aime mieux l'écume au mors de mon  
Coursier!

Ta main est si légère à mon cou;  
Quand je frôle ta robe, je sens naître un  
Frisson sous ma peau,

Mais j'aime mieux le poids des armes sur  
L'épaule!  
J'aime mieux le baiser palpitant du drapeau!

### “One Says” [They Say]

One says... they say a lot of things.  
A lot of too many things, really!  
They say that nothing is more charming than  
in springtime  
To see blooming roses.

They say that the morose winters flee in a  
moment,  
That the waters are diamond  
That the periwinkles are blooming.

They say that April is a mild month  
And that, within the woods' paths  
Resounds a word, always the same

But... have you figured it out?  
They say... they say that I love you!

And the funny thing... the funny thing...  
Is that they say the truth!

### “Song of Cosaque War”

Virgin, your black hair goes beyond your belt.  
Your face is more white than the snow in  
January,  
But I prefer the bloody horsehair of my steed  
But I prefer the foam on the bite of my  
courser!

Your hand is so light to my neck;  
When I brush your dress, I feel rising a  
Shiver under my skin,

But I prefer the weight of guns on  
The shoulder!  
I prefer the kiss of the billowing flag!

Oui, tu me donnerai ton âme tout entière,  
Tu pencherais vers moi ton front tranquille et  
blanc

Que je préférerais une victoire altière, et la  
mort d'un héros sur la tertre sanglant!

**“Les Belles de Nuit”**

Joyeux éclair, le soleil luit- il caresse toute  
Les roses.  
Indifférentes et moroses sommeillent  
Les belles de nuit!

Elles s'éveilleront, fidèles à leurs attraits  
Mysterieux  
Quand des astres lointains des cieux, les  
Purs rayons viendront sur elles.

Et quelques âmes sont ainsi-  
Dédaignant la clarté banale  
D'une splendeur toute idéale  
Elles ont l'obsédant souci.

De l'infini rêvant l'amour  
Sous les impénétrables voiles  
Elles se forment au grand jour,  
Mais elles s'ouvrent aux étoiles!

Yes, you will give me your soul for all eternity  
You will lean towards me your soft, white  
brow

That I would prefer another victory, and the  
Death of a hero on the bloody mound!

**“The Beauties of Night”**

Clear joys, the sun illuminates- it caresses all  
of the roses.  
Indifferent and morose sleep  
The beauties of night!

They awaken, faithful to their mysterious  
attractions  
When the stars far from the heavens, the  
Pure rays descend upon them.

And some souls are like this-  
Disdaining the balal clarity  
Of an idyllic splendor  
They obsessively worry them.

Of the unending dream of love  
Under their impenetrable veils  
They form in broad daylight  
But they open to the stars!

### **“My Name”**

Eve-- Eve!... must be the sound I made  
As I was being made.  
Eve...eve...eve...  
Out I came,  
Made up by a couple of men.  
Old Man made me out of Adam's rib!  
Oh, did he?  
God made Adam, God made Adam...  
God, Adam...Goddammit!  
My children are going to know who their  
mother is.

EVE!

Mad, bad Eve, the amnesiac  
Eve, Eve the nymphomaniac--  
ME.  
Was young man Adam completely  
unconscious  
As I was manufactured?  
Did he groan and whimper, *eve* as I slipped  
out?  
Did God mutter, *Eve* as He slapped me into  
shape?  
Did I scream *EVE* at the inevitable rape?

But Jesus says Love them.  
But Jesus says Love... Love them.  
For Love is greater than like.

### **“Decisions”**

Every man must decide whether he will walk  
in the light.  
Every man must decide whether he will walk  
in the light of creative altruism or the darkness  
of destructive selfishness.

This is the judgement-- life's most persistent  
and urgent question:  
What are you doing? What are you doing for  
others?

### **“Love”**

Love is the only force capable of transforming  
an enemy into a friend.  
Love.

### **“Sympathy”**

I know what the caged bird feels, alas,  
When the sun is bright on the upland slopes,  
When the wind stirs soft through the springing  
grass  
And the river flows like a stream of glass.

When the first bird sings and the first bud  
ope's  
And the faint perfume from the chalice steals,  
I know what the caged bird feels.

I know why the caged bird beats his wing til  
the blood is red on the cruel bars:  
For he must fly back to his perch and cling,  
Where he fain, would be on the bow aswing  
And the pain still throbs in the old, old scars.  
And they pulse again with a keener sting.  
I know why he beats his wing.  
I know why the caged bird sings-- ah, me!

When his wing is bruised and his bosom sore,  
When he beats his bars and he would be free,  
It is not a carol of joy or glee,  
But a prayer that he sends from his heart's  
deep core--

But a plea that upward to heaven he flings.  
I know why the caged bird sings!  
Or was *Eve* the last breath shaped into a sound

By my mother's mouth as I came out?  
I was too little to save her or remember  
anything about her...  
oh...*Eve*...

What are they trying to tell me with their  
stories?  
I am allowed no clothing, I am allowed no  
shame.  
I have nothing to wear but my beautiful hair,  
My body, my face,  
And MY NAME.

*Eve.*

**“Woe to Man”**

Woe to man! Woe to man!

“What can a man expect?  
What can a man expect?  
Think of all the riches, gifts,  
Woman brings in her train!  
Oh, besides the obvious differences:  
Inside out, below the waist,  
Bigger breasts, smaller brain--  
Can you think of anything?  
Anything? Ha ha!  
She is nothing but trouble.”

Oh, nothing but trouble...  
Nothing. Nothing.  
She is No. Thing.

You haven't lived until a man has said that to  
you...

“Wo-man” because she was born of man...  
Woe to man!  
Because he is born of Woman.

La-de-da, da-dum!

Ah...

**“Listen”**

Ooh...its entire body ripples back and forth  
like a sentence. Fascinating...

Do you want to be like God?  
Do you want to be like God?

How do you mean? Be old and have a penis?  
I don't think so...

No.  
Do you want to be like God?  
Do you want to be like God?  
You know what I mean.

Oh! Yes... I do.  
My entire body ripples up and down like a  
story!  
I am listening...

**“Snake”**

Snake, is it true about the fruit?  
My intuition tells me what you say about this  
fruit is true.  
I want to find out, Snake!  
I'd love to know

Go ahead in front of me  
Where I can see you--  
I will follow you.

Oh!

The snake is in the tree where I cannot see it  
She is now the color of shadows.  
Very few things are as visible as I am when  
I'm clean... huh.  
When a thing is visible  
It always means that the thing--  
The treefrog, or that fruit--  
Means to be seen.

Visibility's a warning or an invitation  
And it never tells you which.  
What's visible will either feed you,  
mate with you,  
Or kill you.  
Either way, you gain experience!  
Here goes...

Sweet!  
Sour...  
Salty...  
Bitter...  
And the taste of air...  
Of rottenness...  
Earth...  
And water.

Now I know.

### **"Evening"**

In the evening, I am at peace  
In the evening, I hear everything more clearly.  
Everything to the hearer,  
All the world does sing  
With a ringing and a quickening

Overhead, the birds wheel and turn  
Overhead, the setting sun,  
Reddening,  
No longer burns.

At the water's edge, a wind brushes by me  
With a susceration  
Grass and leaves...  
Flowers glow against the darkening trees.  
Eyesight and the light both go.

Every evening, the forest darkens.  
In the evening, my senses sharpen.  
I have no peace at night.

### **"The Heart of a Woman"**

The heart of a woman goes forth with the  
dawn  
As a lone bird— soft, winging so restlessly on  
Afar on life's turrets and veils does it roam  
In the wake of those echoes, the heart calls  
"Home."

The heart of a woman falls back with the night  
And enters some alien cage in its plight  
And tries to forget it has dreamed of the stars  
While it breaks, (breaks...) on the sheltering  
bars!

### **"Justice"**

When evil men plot, good men must plan.  
When evil men burn and bomb, good men  
must  
Build and bind.  
When evil men shout ugly words of hatred,  
Good men must commit themselves to  
The glories of Love.  
When evil men would seek to perpetuate an  
Unjust status quo,  
Good men must seek to bring into being a

real order of Justice.

**“Difficulties”**

It is difficult to like some people--

It is difficult to like some people.

Like is sentimental.

It is difficult to like someone bombing your home.

It is difficult to like somebody threatening your children.

It is so difficult-- so difficult to like some people.